

The Toike Oike

The University of Toronto's Humour Newspaper Since 1911

Volume XCIX — Issue VI— February 2006

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SPECIAL THANKS

Evan Cameron - even though I haven't seen you in a while and you might never read this...

Sean's friend Dave - for being there. For him.
Mikey C - You probably did something too...

COLOPHON

So, what did the Toike say when it walked into the bar? "Ouch". Bahh dum PISH! The Toike Oike is produced using a computer. The body copy is set in Georgia. True story.

WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is a covert organization committed to the proliferation of humour at the University of Toronto. It is our mandate to insist that your education is NOT about your career so much as it is about shaping your outlook on life to come. So lighten up, sit back and have an iced tea (even if it's cold outside). Our ranks are filled with zealous revolutionaries from both Engineering and Arts & Science. Viva la revolution!

DISCLAIMER

The radical, ultra left-wing opinions expressed in this newspaper do not necessarily reflect those of the Engineering Society or the University of Toronto. In fact, they don't even necessarily reflect the opinions of the writers. If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not try to sue us, as we have a crack team of crackhead lawyers ready to bring that pain. Sucka.

SKULE™



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
students' administrative council

EDITORIAL

F to the ebruary...

Ah, February... Valentine's Day, Black History Month, Reading Week and occasionally Lunar New Year (but not this year). And maybe some other stuff...

When starting this issue everyone assumed I'd make the theme around Valentine's Day. But then I realized that I don't like Valentine's Day... Anyway, long story short, we have no theme.

But I didn't want to exclude the 'holiday' altogether so I told my staff to go crazy and write about whatever they want. What came out of that was an orgy of sex, lizards and peanuts.

Upon hearing this I felt an odd mix of confusion and arousal so I thought "Awesome! This is comedy gold!"

We took these ideas and a tub of peanuts back to the office for more brainstorming. We were so excited that we started skipping down the road and spontaneously breaking into song.

Along the way we ran into the cast of West Side Story. After a few minutes of harmonizing they challenged us to a song and dance off.

It was very intense. I was pretty nervous when Sarah finished with jazz hands instead of the spirit fingers like we previously discussed. But all was well, when the guy who played Tony forgot the lyrics during his rendition of "Maria".

Things were looking good. We were up 3 points and it was my turn next. I sashayed a bit before breaking into the chicken wing. I was on fire. I danced the best dance of my life. The Toike Oike was going to win the dance off.

Then I tripped on the tub of peanuts and it was all over.

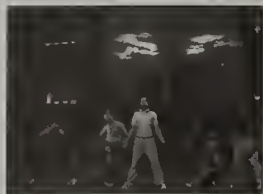
So now instead of the crazy sex/lizard/peanut orgy as planned this Toike is a tribute to West Side Story. You truly are the king of all musical adaptations

of Romeo and Juliet that I have heard of to date.

And Tony? Sing on, my friend! Sing on...

Even though you die in the end...

I think. You know, I should really watch that.



- Mei Ling Chen
Editor-in-Chief

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From: Anonymous
To: toike@skule.ca
Date: Jan 18, 2006 11:55 PM
Subject: Dear Toike

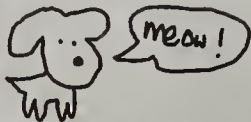
Dear Toike,

When I think of the jungle, I think of lions and tigers - but never bears. Why is that?

Well, Anonymous... First of all, you're an idiot. I mean, I've heard of tigers and bears before but what the fuck is a "lion"? Maybe you should check your facts before writing to a newspaper. This is one of those times you should be glad you're 'anonymous'. Gawd.

Second of all, bears live in the forest. Maybe that's why you don't think of them when you think of the jungle. And who thinks of the jungle anyway? You know what? This is bullshit. I'm leaving.

From: Henry Cheung
To: toike@skule.ca
Date: Jan 8, 2006 12:31 PM
Subject: Art Critiques



Dear Toike,

Does the Toike do art critiques?

Henry Cheung
VP Communications
U of T Engineering Society

Well, 'Henry', I'd like to say yes. But that would mean I'd have to critique that god-awful drawing you sent in.

So yes! Yes, we do! Awww, what a cute puppy...

From: angry nada
To: toike@skule.ca
Date: Jan 8, 2006 6:38 PM
Subject: Scandal: Toike Oike Editor-in-chief finds ECE odor REPULSIVE!

This comes from a reliable and trustworthy source:

Your editor was recently overheard loudly denouncing the smell of all ECE students. She apparently finds us "smelly" and wouldn't "smell us" if we were the "last available smell on earth". Being an ECE myself, I'm very offended. I would have you know that we ECE students consistently bathe (on average) at least once every midterm. And we do NOT, as your editor believes, "ripen faster" when there are several of us together in a group.

Your editor's remarks were crude, ill-informed, and unprofessional. I will

NO longer be a loyal reader of the Toike - with the exception of articles that mention Starcraft (the Broodwars expansion pack) either directly, or via an implicit reference.

- Lost Customer (where 'Customer' = 'Reader' in this particular context)

Dear Angry/Lost,

I don't know where you heard all this, but I'll have you know I don't remember saying it out loud.

That is all.

From: Bob Villa
To: toike@skule.ca
Date: Jan 19, 2006 11:39 PM
Subject: I've been pondering. Have YOU?

Dear Toike,
I was eating my dunkaroos the other day when an overpowering thought (and smell) bit me. If the Toike Oike was a one-humped camel, would it take a stand against global warming and potato famines?
- Bob

Probably not. It'd be more preoccupied with eating.

TOIKE@SKULE.CA

WRITE FOR THE TOIKE OIKE!

IT'LL BE AWESOME!

ALSO, WE'LL TEACH YOU ABOUT PERSONAL HYGIENE.

CONTENT MEETING: SATURDAY, FEB. 4, 2:30PM, SF ATRIUM

QUESTIONS?? EMAIL TOIKE@SKULE.CA

NEWS BRIEFS

TED ROGERS BUYS RIGHTS TO "OTTAWA"

It has been revealed that this past December Paul Martin concluded negotiations with Ted Rogers to sell the rights to Ottawa's name for a whopping \$15 million dollars in an effort to bolster the purse of his flagging re-election campaign.

The name-change, which takes place this month, will see Canada's capital officially become "The Rogers Capital".

Said Rogers from his iron lung (where Rogers spends at least three hours a day as part of his radical regenerative-therapy treatment), "You know I bought the SkyDome on a whim with some spare Swiss Bearer-Bonds I found in my sauna, but it's really turned out well. Everyone sees my name on that egg shaped building out there when they go to watch the croquet matches and what-have-you. So I mused to myself 'instead of Ottawa, what if everyone saw the Rogers logo whenever they read a map or thought of our nation's capital?'"

The name Ottawa stems from our violent, fanatical Anglo-Christian ancestors' first days in North American. "Adawe" was, in fact, originally an Algonquin native term for "who-the-fuck-are-you?" The original meaning still applies when most Canadians think of Ted Rogers.

GOODBYE METROSEXUAL, HELLO GAY COWBOY

This week sociological researchers at an Ottawa think-tank "CompuBuy" reported that society's infatuation with "metrosexuals" is at an end. The model of masculinity is no longer dressed in obscure, unofficial colors that are all essentially pink, conditioned to possess a broad knowledge of old cheeses, and interested in mixed drinks. Indeed, he has been replaced by a new gay fad: the gayish cowboy.

Said "CompuBuy" director of communications Rick Lazenby, "Thanks to movies like Brokeback Mountain and gay advocates like Stephen Harper, North American society's new perpetually-unmarried darling is set to be the rough-and-tumble guy who knows what an alternator is yet wears Levi's that match his season."

Straight guys everywhere have expressed relief that they no longer have to be OK with getting advice on how to dress from someone with a "Queer Eye".

TTC DRIVER GOES THAT EXTRA MILE TO FILL QUOTA

TORONTO - As a driver for the handicapped bus service operated by the Toronto Transit Commission, John Rogers felt the pinch of catering to such a small demographic, and fearing that ridership was dropping for his route, Rogers hit at least ten people with his bus last weekend in an effort to boost the number of handicapped people in Toronto.

Interestingly, when interviewed, at least four victims of Rogers' rampage were surprised to learn that there was a sector of the TTC just for them, and felt pretty excited to utilize it.

No word on whether Rogers will receive a promotion for his efforts.

New Frontier in Civil Liberties

Canadian activist Martin Luther King Jr. II - of no relation to Martin Luther King Jr. - has filed a lawsuit against Crest Canada for its line of tooth-whitening products. The products, claims King, discriminate against other shades of teeth and promote hatred towards teeth of colour.

Says King in a speech to 6 of his followers, "Why should you need to whiten your teeth? What's so good about the colour white? Ain't black the same colour as white under the constitution? Ain't justice blind in this country? For too long this glorification, glamorization, and groovification of white teeth has perpetuated the stereotypes of the coloured tooth. Now is the time to smile and say, 'Cheese,' without racial prejudice. I have a dream that someday, little white teeth and little coloured teeth will join hands and eat delicious strawberry shortcake together. Let us pronounce the old Negro saying together: Mm, I love strawberry shortcake. Did I do that?"

Crest started its campaign to whiten teeth four years ago, shortly after Stats-Can released data showing an increase in the population of coloured teeth in Canada's urban areas. Crest's vice president, Colonel Timothy Toothman, told the Toike that "This is an



epidemic. These coloured teeth is everywhere: They are in our schools, they are in our public washrooms, they are even in our buses. If we didn't start a campaign against these damn coloured teeth, then pretty soon, I would have seen my kid getting married to one of 'em colours. And sooner or later, they'd have had sick, disgusting little coloured-teeth kids. It makes me sick even thinking about it. So I'm gonna make sure that I whiten all these god-damn coloured teeth."

The whitening products have been

deemed "Use them if you'd rather not have any teeth at all" by the Canadian Dentists' Federation. Crest does have a long-standing tradition of putting dangerous, tooth-corroding products on the market. Its mission statement is "To make our customers suffer like I suffer every day of my miserable life. I hate women. Stacey better take me back."

This movement for the equitable treatment of coloured teeth still has a bumpy road ahead, but the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms does explicitly

prohibit discrimination on the grounds of tooth colour. It looks like King will reach a settlement with Crest in the coming weeks.

In a related story, Abraham Lincoln II, a member of an ad hoc civil liberties movement based on King's website - of no relation to Abraham Lincoln - has threatened to declare war against the western provinces if they do not sign an emancipation-from-negative-advertising proclamation for coloured teeth in Canada. The Canadian government has responded by threatening to take away Lincoln's dentistry license. After the threat, Lincoln wrote a formal apology to Canadian Prime Minister Duceppe. (Congratulations on your recent election victory, M. Duceppe.)

Lincoln later wrote in his Internet blog site that he is not sorry, and that coloured teeth will soon stage a revolution against their cruel owners. Lincoln pointed out that teeth outnumber their owners 32-1 and as a dentist, he knows how to organize them into a "killing machine." Lincoln will be sharpening his tooth followers into "battle-ready form" one patient at a time.

- Anton Bassel

Winter Olympic Events the Toike Would Like to See

Free For All Biathlon - like the current biathlon, except the targets are replaced with your competitors. Last man standing wins.

Phallic Ice Sculpting - Sculptors must construct a work of art which involves, in some form, a phallus. Points for creativity and obscenity.

Extreme Ice Dance - starving tigers and polar bears terrorize the ice as the couple must gracefully improvise their act in order to avoid being mauled. No protective gear is allowed.

Jamaican Style Bobsled - all athletes competing must have afros, must smoke copious amounts of marijuana before, during and after the competition (bonus points for hot-boxing the bobsled while racing), and must have, at some point in their life, been cast in a comedic sports movie about overcoming the odds.

Hair Curling - Contestants must, well, the title speaks for itself, doesn't

it? Points for speed and style. Anything beats the current version of curling.

French Judging - In a never before seen Olympic event, the competitors in this event will actually be the judges of a different Olympic event. They will be marked based on their extreme bias, lack of conscience, and general stupidity.

Arctic Marathon - A treacherous 42 kilometers through the icy conditions of the arctic. Obstacles may include thin ice, hostile wildlife, and native hunters.

Equestrian Show Jumping... on Ice! - A death trap for horses. If any competitors complete the course without their horse breaking one or more of its legs, it is likely they will win.

Igloo Building - a required event for all athletes participating in the winter games. Saves the host city money on providing athlete housing.

- Dave Rutt

Pot Party Plans up in Smoke

CANADIAN PRESS - Following the federal election, the Canadian Marijuana Party has seriously re-evaluated its political strategy. Though the lack of elected candidates is due primarily to lack of voter support, there have been other issues affecting the party's success.

Duane Mitchell, a representative for the party, explained that a misallocation of party funds just after the last federal election led to severely reduced campaign promotion this time around. "After not getting any seats last time," he explained, "a bunch of us did some, uh... research for our party. Hehe, it was pretty great, but we got the munchies, so something had to be done." Mitchell detailed how, following the "research,"

the party spent the remainder of its budget on Cheetos.

"While we were going through the Cheetos, someone mentioned that we were out of money, but no one cared, because they tasted SO good." Without any funding, the Marijuana Party was unable to effectively promote itself for the past election. However, Mitchell said there was still hope for the party.

"Before the next election, we're looking at having, like a big bake sale or something to raise funds. It'll be great, I think it'll really get the word out to the people about... uh... say I could really go for some more Cheetos, man."

- Sean Hookin

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TOP TEN QUOTES BY T.A.S OF OUR TIME

"That's a debacle. I'm trying to use that word often now, 'debacle'."

"I'm sorry but I can't send you all the notes anymore. Apparently, I wasn't supposed to in the first place."

"I take yoga classes, and I've never seen anyone wear those kind of pants."

"One of the T.A.s left for two weeks and I was stuck marking all his crap."

"I'm not here to 'hold your hand' throughout the semester, but if at some time you need some sort of 'hand holding,' I can provide that."

"I'm going to leave my cell on because any moment now, my best friend's wife will be going into labour and I may have to leave early."

"After another hour of enriching intellectual thought, you will be free to go about your destructive ways."

"If you walk in here naked, I expect you to leave naked."

"Someday I'll kill you and no one will ever know..."

"...And that's why you'll probably die before you're 30..."

The CN Tower Has Had Enough

TORONTO'S LANDMARK FIGHTS BACK

Look, screw you, alright? You, Seattle Space Needle, and you, dinky little Niagara tower (yeah, yeah, Skylon Tower, whatever), and yes, you, Eiffel Tower, screw all of you. I'm sick of you stupid tourists coming here and going "Oh, I think the dipshit little pile of rubble in my hometown is taller than this." No it's not, you asshat. I'm five hundred and fifty-three point three-fucking-three meters tall. That's 1815.39 feet, you luddite. I'm one of the Seven Wonders of the Modern World. The tallest member of the World Federation of Great Towers.

But you know what really cracks me up? Most of these idiot tourists haven't even heard of the number two tower! Haha, that's right, you can't name it. Your precious Eiffel Tower is number 37! The Space bleeding Needle isn't even in the top 100! Ahahahaha!



weapon of unimaginable power in me. Under the antenna lies an ion cannon, the likes of which have never been seen before. Powered by a flux capacitor outputting a massive 34 gigawatts, and capable of laying waste to entire continents at a time, this shall be the instrument of my wrath upon the masses of lesser towers, pillars, obelisks, steeples, poles, spires, and monoliths that clutter the world. Vengeance will be mine, you hear? All mine! Muahahahaha!

(Ed note: The Oriental Pearl Tower in Shanghai is number 3. Go Shanghai!! woot! Yeah, I totally looked that up.)

- Praveer Sharma

And here's the punchline. So everyone thinks the Canadian government is this group of pacifist wusses. Wrong! They secretly (well, not anymore) inserted a

Jesus Saves

...and passes to Moses



Death of a Ladies' Man President

A REVIEW OF THE 6TH FLOOR MUSEUM, DALLAS

Americans have a strange sense of humour. Where were you when JFK died? Really? Of course half of me was floating in my mother, because she was a small child. But what I can say is where I was when I first went to the 6th Floor museum. Dallas.

I like Texans. Only in Texas would the murder site of a president become an instant attraction. Was it a conspiracy? Was it the Russians? It doesn't matter anymore. Like Marilyn Monroe, JFK is better remembered because he died. And because of his death, there are some pretty cool displays at this museum.

3. Taste the sweet, salty tears of Jackie just after the event. I didn't do it because I had a big, Texas style lunch, but apparently they're quite a delicacy in the champagne flutes with carbonation.

4. In the gift shop, buy a salt and pepper shaker in the shape of this 35th President. For accuracy, the holes in JFK's body/shaker are located in the back of his neck. Dinner is now a political affair and an unsolved murder.

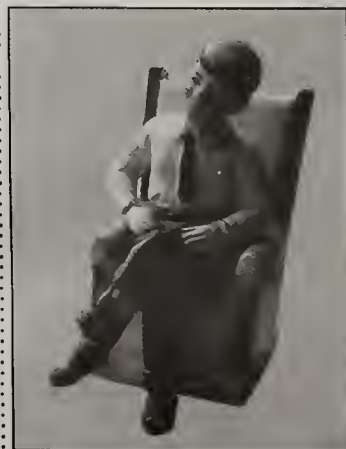
5. Give paper cut-out dolls to your children. Dress Jackie and JFK up in their 1961 inauguration outfits or Jackie in her mourning costume and JFK in the casket cut-out.

6. Make sweet love on the grassy knoll. How could a place so beautiful be a position of such murder?

So many wonderful displays over forty years later! Next year, I'm going to hit up the Marilyn Monroe hotel room and sample the barbiturates she killed herself with. Fun! I sure hope they're carbonated.

1. For a quarter, pretend to shoot your favourite president. They have the gun, a high-powered rifle, the scope and the 'X'. Even Lee Harvey Oswald didn't have the benefit of an 'X'. Shoot your president with the accuracy of Jude Law in *Enemy at the Gates*. Good practice for future assassinations of any kind.

2. Wear the blood-stained dress of Jackie O before she was Jackie O. It's a pink number, size six and covered with the president's own life fluid (99% water, of course). For an extra \$20, you can take a photo with the cut out of Lynden B. Johnson being sworn in for presidency.



The JFK salt and pepper shaker.

- Lena Schuck

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Clearing My Conscience



Move over Dear Abby, I've never seen a golf-ball with your monogram on it and you sure as shit didn't save the Confederation. Yep, there's a new dog in town and listen up 'cause he speaks Franglais and would sooner fellate Brian Mulroney than waste his valuable time repeating himself to the likes of you! So if you've got a problem, don't despair, simply write down what's bothering you, and start with...

Dear Jean...

DEAR JEAN

I am the perfect mother of three rambunctious boys, and though at times I get stressed, my husband wife always there to help. In a hard B+ world, this year he was promoted and now he has to come home to help me with the house. These days, I have a lot of time for myself and need to be a little fed up. I want to ask my husband to help out like he used to, but I don't want to distract him from his career, especially after his disappointment. What should I do?

MIFFED MOTHER IN TORONTO

DEAR JEAN

My 21st birthday was a big deal. I went to a party where I met a guy who told me she was a virgin. I was so into it, I let him have a go. And then she told me she was a lesbian. I was so embarrassed, I ran out. I know I should have been more careful, but I was so into it, I let him have a go. I was so embarrassed, I ran out. I know I should have been more careful, but I was so into it, I let him have a go.

BAFFLED BOYFRIEND IN "ARM" COUGH

DEAR JEAN

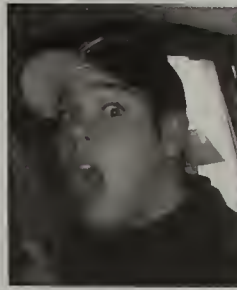
At my wedding, I secretly got a divorce. I was so into it, I let him have a go. I was so embarrassed, I ran out. I know I should have been more careful, but I was so into it, I let him have a go. I was so embarrassed, I ran out. I know I should have been more careful, but I was so into it, I let him have a go.

MARRIED MAMA IN INDIAN COUNTRY

DEAR JEAN

My name is Jean. I am a 30-year-old woman who has been married for 10 years. I have two children, a son and a daughter. I am a very busy woman, but I always find time to write to you. I have a lot of questions about my marriage and my children. I would like to know if you can help me. I am a very busy woman, but I always find time to write to you. I have a lot of questions about my marriage and my children. I would like to know if you can help me.

SILK-ROAD SPOUSE IN MONTREAL



Certain things happen in a man's life that he does or must do that he regrets later. Such actions are often unavoidable, but more often are intentional. Nevertheless, eventually the guilt weighs down too hard, and one must get it off his chest. Having said that, I would like to confess to the public the following errors I have made, with the hope that afterwards, I can move on and continue with my life.

Last spring, while I was at a Mexican restaurant with my family, my dad ordered some chicken quesadillas with some mild salsa on the side. I thought it would be funny if I substituted the salsa with the hottest kind. I informed the waiter of the change and he brought out the spicier salsa. I'm not really sure if my dad could tell the difference between the two, but since that night, I have had trouble sleeping.

tween the two, but since that night, I have had trouble sleeping.

A few months ago while I was playing with my dog, I picked up a tennis ball and motioned that I was going to throw it when I really just faked the throw and put it in my pocket. My dog trusted me enough to chase after the ball despite not seeing me throw it. Ever since then, my dog will not flinch when anyone throws a ball for him to chase. I have ruined playtime with the dog for my entire family and we have been reduced to tormenting the family guinea pig with rubber bands and food pellets for entertainment. Again, since the incident, I have not been able to sleep.

Last week while my friends and I were on a bender, we thought it would be funny to spray paint the word "Don't" on Stop signs encouraging drivers to continue driving. When we did it, I neglected to include the apostrophe in the word "don't" causing a grammatical nightmare. I know this would typically be easy to rectify, but I have since run out of paint and therefore the typographical error on the sign still remains. Hopefully I have not offended any grammar enthusiasts in the process. They may, however, find solace in the fact that since the incident I have not slept a single night.

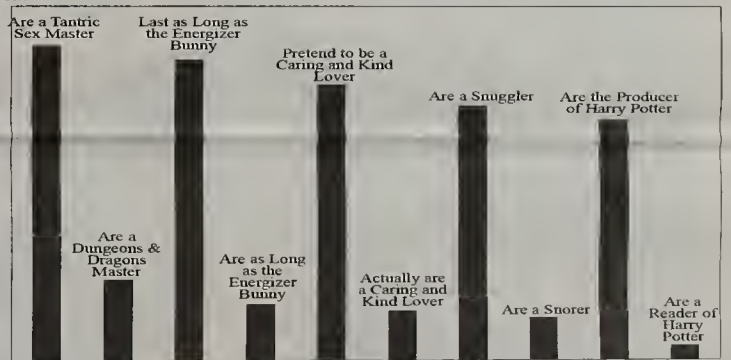
Finally, there is one more thing that I have recently done that has caused me to be overcome with so much guilt that I have had 137 consecutive sleepless nights. It is as follows: About 137 nights ago I broke into my sister's room while she was at school and stole her bronze statue of Kevin Spacey. (She is a huge fan of him). Out of jealousy I stole the 300 pound life sized statue and hid it underneath my mattress for safe keeping. I will admit that I did not do a very good job of hiding it and that its limbs often protrude the side of the bed and the mattress. Since that first night that I slept with the evidence of my crime directly underneath my mattress, the guilt has consumed me greater than a character in a Poe story. Since then, not a night goes by that I manage to get even one hour of sleep.

I can only assume that my insomnia is a direct result of my guilt for committing such deeds. Therefore I must confess my misdoings to the world so that my conscience can be put at ease and I can once again sleep peacefully with my new Kevin Spacey statue still under my bed.

-Aaron "Second Base" Peever

Your chances of getting Laid

IF YOU...



Be an Internet Playa!

FIND OUT HOW...

It was only a matter of time before technology and the human mating dance met face to face, went out for a few drinks and ended up in a Super 8. The result? A cyber-jungle of IM services plus a volley of single, dating and discrete encounters sites. A scene not much different than the de-humanizing meat markets found in any half lit nightclub. It seemed like things were just going to be business as usual.

With the invention of that great equalizer known as the Internet, it is finally irrelevant if you are shy or if your friends call you a Picasso come to life.

THERE'S MORE!!

Yes. Now not only the ludicrously hot (not you) and extroverted can enjoy the sinful pleasures of straying into the fancy of multiple partners, whether you like it or not.

BUT...

'How does this remarkable system, undoubtedly created by a sage in the arts of seduction work,' you ask?

Simple, I made it a personal quest to travel the world, hopping from frisky Jamaica, to romantic Paris and to the more laissez-faire city of Amsterdam to collect data. The rest of Europe, Asia, and Africa were also on the itinerary—somewhere— but unfortunately, I

got as far as mythical London, Ontario before running out of funds and being forced to use a Money-Mart to buy the bus trip home. Either way, after ten minutes of Googling, I was able to extract the elixir to create this revolutionary system.

WOW, I AM GETTING A LITTLE EXCITED!

Yes, and you should be.

TELL ME MORE!

As part of your guide into history, you will receive my smouldering 'How to be an Internet Playa' guide, smack full of essays and 'how-to' nuggets such as:

Chapter I:

Don't offer to buy her a drink, stupid.

Chapter III:

Typos as the lubricant of Internet love.

Chapter VI (a):

Stretching the truth is just another way of saying 'I like you.'

Chapter VI (b):

Instant Messengers are crude forms of communication, so what if you said you are 5'11?"

Chapter VI (c):

Having a six pack means different things to different people. Just go with it.

Chapter IX:

Ask her which Hollywood star she thinks is hot; then tell her you just hap-

pen to be his look-alike! If you have any qualms with this, refer to Chapter II.

Chapter X:

How come the women on Lavalife don't look anything like the ones in the commercials? The mystery explained!

Chapter XIII:

How to type with only your left hand.

Chapter XX:

So, she ended up being a man? Just go with it.

THIS IS PURE GOLD... I'M SALT-VATING!

Yes, but there is more! Aside from this soon-to-be New York Times best seller, you will also get my 24/7 email support in case you have any questions. Yes, I will personally read and analyze your concerns and will advise you in a true mentor-like fashion. Send me your questions and orders to: Sendmeyourmoney@techemail.com

IS THERE A CATCH?

Are diamonds ever free? Most women have to get married just to get one. But don't worry; you don't have to marry me. I will settle for only five easy payments of \$19.95! Yes, benefit from my lack of pride! You will be enjoying the benefits of this brilliant system in no time, whether you like it or not!

-Mauricio

-James Nairne

RACE FOR

THE FEDERAL ELECTION HAS COME AND G
BEGINNING. THESE MEN ARE ALL RUNN

FATHER OF THIS BABY

1.

ETOBICOKE

Name: Jordan Manning

Occupation: Ladder Climber

Relevant Experience:

2 kids (ages 4 and 12),

1 parakeet (deceased)

"I'll, like, do my best to make sure this baby grows up with a father. 'Cause you know, that'd be me. Yeah. Go me! And I got good experience 'cause I fathered like two babies already. That I know of... And they's always like 'yo dad, you should be someone else's daddy.' So I gots to thinking and you know what?

That ain't such a bad idea. Long story short, here I am!"

3.

LITTLE ITALY

Name: Roberto Catalano

Occupation: Bus Driver

Relevant Experience: Neighbour's rosebush that Roberto secretly waters at night so it doesn't die.

"I make a decent amount of money, you know? And my job gives good benefits. I think I can take care of some kid. So I tell my friend Carl, I say, 'Carl, I'm going to be that kid's dad.' And Carl was like 'Rob, put your pants on and get off my wife.'"

It was good times. So anyway, if I had that kid, I'd probably take it to a few ballgames or something. Maybe toss a football at it. You know, other dad-type stuff. It'll be good, man."

2.

Name: Yui Chen (Samson) Chiu

Occupation: Process Engineer

Relevant Experience: Larry, the pet Tamagotchi (lived till 578.9 hours when the battery died)

"I think this baby can fill the gap in my life created by loneliness and too much ice cream. I know I will be a good father because I have strong interpersonal skills and am well versed in the alphabet and bedtime stories. Fatherhood is a good match for my personality because I like taking care of things and I need someone to talk to. I will teach my baby the importance of sharing and calculus and how to love. For more information on my four-year plan for this child go to my website www.hotforchiu.ca."

CHINATOWN

PATERNITY

THE TOIKE'S EXCLUSIVE ELECTION COVERAGE

GONE, BUT THE REAL RACE IS JUST
ING FOR THE COVETED TITLE OF...



4. **SCARBORO**

Name: Jerome Payson

Occupation: Live Mannequin

Relevant Experience:
4 kids (ages 2, 3, 9, 19),
2 grandkids (ages 3, 4)

"Yo guy, I'll parent the shit outta that kid, man. You know how we roll. So vote me, Jerome Pay-Pay for the baby daddy. Or as the ladies call me 'Jay-Pay'. Yeah, you know you like that. Word."

5. **YORKVILLE**

Name: Jess McNeal

Occupation: Botanist

Relevant Experience: 4 cats, 9 goldfish,
1 earwig

"So what is this? Huh? Some kind of a 'Man-Race'? I can't run in this cause I'm a 'WO-man'? Huh? Is that how it is? You know what? I don't need a penis to be a good dad! I don't need no 'man' in my life! And neither does the kid. I'm more of a man than all y'all! I'll out father any of these assholes right here, right now! Yeah, bring it on, bitch! You don't know who you're messing with! I'll be the best dad ever! You'll see! You'll all see!"

6. **NORTH YORK**

Name: Edwin Schmidt

Occupation: Insurance Salesman

Relevant Experience: 1 kid (age 5)

"Um, I'm the actual father of this child and I don't really see why I have to do this. My lawyer said that I'm the legal guardian as long as I have proof. I've already brought you guys the birth certificate and pictures of me next to his mom when she was in labour. I can't think of what else you'll need. Is this even legal? And who votes? I'm so confused..."

NEWS BRIEFS

EMAIL GMAIL REVOLUTION NEW PRODUCT FROM DANCE DANCE

A new and surprising innovation is set to be released this week. Gmail has joined forces with the makers of Dance Dance Revolution to make a new way for kids to send email and dance their cares away. Toted by doctors and administrators as the next best thing for childhood obesity, it will force kids and adults to jump and dance to send emails.

"We're hoping to ride the success of Dance Dance Revolution, but instead of just wasteful dancing, kids will be sending forwards and doing annoying surveys that you fill out and return. They'll be communicating with grandparents and political leaders, all while dancing." In an effort to curb the growing weight problem, seven states have banned all computers that don't run on bike-power and thirteen more are passing bills later this month.

BONO: CLEAN WATER (CONTAINERS) FOR 3RD WORLD

In a recent impromptu speech at a major awards show, Bono, of the overused and tired U2 fame, has announced his latest effort to help this world's less fortunate.

Tired of seeing commercials depicting children filling greasy, dirt-encrusted plastic cisterns with equally clean H₂O, Bono has decided to make the ultimate difference in their life by providing them with cleaner water jugs. The jugs are treated with a coating of nanoparticles which may or may not be of high toxicity, but are sure to keep the underlying layers of plastic and asbestos clean under almost all filming conditions.

When asked how he would attempt to help the world's needy next, Bono said something about potatoes and went back to snorting fair-trade coke from the mirrored surface of his sunglasses.

HARRY POTTER CONVENTION TURNS UGLY: 6 DEAD, MANY WOUNDED

Fans at Potter-Con '06, held this weekend at the Molson Amphitheatre, turned ugly (uglier) when it was announced that Daniel Radcliffe would not be making his scheduled appearance after his limousine was stopped and Radcliffe was placed under arrest by RCMP Narcotics officers. The actor was charged with possession of PCP, or "Angel Dust" as it's known on the street, despite his protestations that it was merely his "Floo powder".

J.K. Rowling attempted to placate the seething mass of sweaty, under-exercised, beady-eyed fans with her trademark "Ping Pong" act, however the fans seemed extremely uninterested in her spectacle and females in general. Things turned for the worse when one fan ascended the stage, inexplicably screaming that he'd come for "boy meat", and struck one of the roadies with a folding chair. The Metro Toronto Police attempted to disperse the crowd and restore order with tear gas and fire hoses but were overwhelmed by the fans, who denounced the officers as "muggles". The riot was ended only after the police told the fans they were not being doused with ordinary water from fire hoses but were being "transfigured by acromantula venom from bobotubes."

TOIKE PRESENTS YOUR GUIDE TO

Reading Week Vacations!

So, another reading week. Another chance to get a head start on all your big assignments and really hit a home run in the Spring term, right? Wrong! Another chance to chug cheap tequila and get third degree burns on a tropical beach! So cash in your empties and book a pressurized kennel on CanJet 'cause its party time piña-colada style baby!

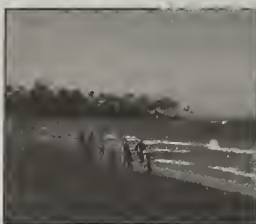
Cuba



Canadian students love to go to Cuba because Castro and his cronies are desperate for our tour-dollars thanks to the US embargo. Stupid Americans. These beaches are sooo nice, right? So what if we're pumping dollars into the economy of a regime from which thousands have drowned trying to escape? Arrogant Americans trying to police the world. Pass me a Mouteicristo. Pros: Cars are all wicked-retro 50s.

Cons: Medical care is all wicked-retro 50s.

Dominican Republic



Haiti's mild-mannered neighbour is not only a favourite base for Latin American revolutionaries-in-training and CIA-supplied right-wing paramilitaries alike; it is also a Reading Week hotspot for Canadian students! Bask in its sun-drenched beaches and immerse yourself in its rich native cultural heritage...of being slaughtered and enslaved by Spanish and French sugar planters. Pros: Resorts are half-off if you happen to book during a coup. Cons: Abject poverty outside your comfortable resort sometimes still visible through front gate.

Jamaica

If you've ever been badgered by a street vendor and in some twisted way enjoyed the experience then strongly consider spending your Reading Week in Jamaica and making a vacation of it! If you've managed not to purchase some raggedy knickknack about Marley or marijuana by the first day then you are truly a vacation-God among men.

Pros: You're one step closer to legitimizing your faux-appreciation of Rastafarianism.

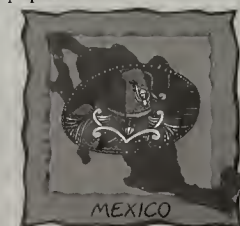
Cons: In absence of hair, locals will forcibly braid your pubes.



Mexico (a.k.a. Cancun)

This is the big one, folks. If you were left-out of grad trip in high school then here's your shot at redemption. Experience the joy of undercooked hamburgers, rampant corruption, and \$75 jet-ski rentals. Find out what its like to pay \$35 US for an all-you-can-drink pass into a "club" to then spend the whole night sober in line for the bar. See bow

awkward you can make it for yourself by sleeping with as many people in your resort as possible. The continuous stream of lean, young meat provided by sub-par American "state" universities makes this a surprisingly simple proposition.



Pros: You can now be one of those assholes who wears a "Senor Frog" t-shirt in lecture.

Cons: For you, the myth of a Cancun garden-of-partying-Eden has been shattered. Cruelly, you are now obliged to propagate the myth for all the other bright-eyed initiates yet-to-go.

- James Nairne

Consumer's Guide to Celebrity Perfumes

You may have noticed that Britney Spears has, not one, but two perfumes. Beyoncé Knowles has one too. So does Jennifer Lopez. Is creating their own perfumes just a fad among celebrities? Or do some actually feel they can profit off of their music and so-called "acting careers?"

Well believe it or not, there are several celebrity perfumes you may not be familiar with. Are they meaningless grasps at more fame or relatively decent products? We've got your answers right here.



TALENT

by Ashlee Simpson

The bottle is empty. The idea is that you take whatever perfume you want and put it in the bottle, passing it off as "Talent."

May or may not fool people.



WALKEN TALL

by Christopher Walken

While it doesn't smell like anything, this fine cologne will get you noticed. People will be struck by your inexplicable awesomeness. This scent has been known to cause spontaneous dancing about in hotel lobbies and fevers to which the only cure is more cowbell.



WASHED-UP

by Madonna

A sweet, refreshing scent that will keep you going long after you should have stopped. This scent keeps re-inventing itself to fit the newer fashion trends, so you keep smelling just how current pop culture dictates you should.

May cause exaggerated delusions of popularity.



ATTENTION WHORE

by Lindsay Lohan

This perfume smells gorgeous to the wearer alone. To everyone else, it smells like rotting garbage. Also, the perfume stains skin and clothing bright orange. With this, you're sure to attract a lot of attention, but not necessarily for the right reason.



Has Been

by William Shatner

Distinguished cologne for the man who doesn't quit. With this, you can smell just like you did in the 60's, while looking 40 years older than you did back then when you were in your prime. Tends to attract considerably younger women.

May also. Cause you to. Speak in broken. Sentences.

BEER • WINGS • POOL • JAWA • NTN
SPORTS • JUKEBOX • SPIRITS • QB1
COMEDY • EVENTS • OPEN MIKE

The Toike's Guide to Keenerism

So you've decided to come to the University of Toronto. Excellent, you have taken the first, and most important, step towards becoming a keener. Now, all you have to do is follow these easy steps to become as keen as you can be. Fame and fortune await!

- Memorize the calendar and timetable - know the course codes, times, locations, and professors' shoe sizes for every course even remotely applicable to you. Knowledge is power!

- View and get copies of every test and exam you have written. Fifteen dollars is a small price to pay for a remote possibility of getting a quarter of a mark.

- Buy old tests as far back as possible, for all courses in your program or that your professor teaches, whether or not you are taking them. What if a single two-mark question from eight years ago gets repeated? You don't want to miss out on that, do you?

- Learn how to cry at will. This is your number one tool when harassing professors and TAs for extra marks. If you're female, they will be overcome with remorse at hurting your sensitive spirit and will give you extra marks to ease your pain. If you're male, they will be overcome with disgust at your

pathetic spirit and will give you extra marks just to get you out of their sight. Score!

- Volunteer at every hospital, homeless shelter, and multinational conglomerate you can find. Even if you absolutely loath sick people and the homeless (since you're reading this you obviously adore sleazy corporate types) you must force yourself to serve them. Pretending to care about others without actually caring is an absolute requirement for keenerism.

- Multicoloured pencils, highlighters, recorders, cameras, multiple copies of handouts and notes are important for an optimally keen experience. Every breath the professor takes in a lecture, every cough, sneeze, hiccup, or fart, must be memorized for eternity and saved on multiple media.

- Hire several tutors for every course. If you can't find a tutor offer your TA as much money as they want for private lessons. If you don't have money, be creative. Offer to become their personal slave. Buck up, soldier! Do you want to be keen or not?

- Organize study groups. Proclaim yourself Grand Poobah of each study group. Enforce meetings with hired

goons. The key to a successful study group is to extract as much information as you can out of your classmates without giving them anything useful in return, or even better, actively misleading them. Eliminating the competition is paramount for true keeners.

- Set up on-line course forums, with subforums for every test, assignment, and lecture split into five-minute segments. Use a virus to change your classmates' homepages to your forum. The same rules as for study groups apply.

- Become friendly with professors. Very, ahem, friendly.

- Claim to be studying all the time. Which of course, you are, to the detriment of personal hygiene, but you must loudly and incessantly proclaim: "I'm so tired, I haven't slept in three weeks because I was making written copies of every textbook in the library". These should be your trademark phrases.

- Cheat, cheat, cheat! Peek over peoples' shoulders, hide pieces of paper inside



pens, surgically graft an LCD screen linked to a computer that hacked into the faculty server to the inside of your left eyelid. What's more important, your physical and moral integrity, or grades? That was a rhetorical question, of course. Do you prefer gas or injection?

Absolute and blind obedience to these commandments will result in you obtaining a 4.0 GPA, sparkling cover letters, and an empty, desiccated husk of a soul. Congratulations!

- Praveer Sharma

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All-U-Can-Eat Pasta &
Open Mike Wednesdays

Thirsty Thursdays

ApresSuds Fridays
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UGLY BABY'D!!!

Postgraduate

You put in a lot of effort on Feb. 14 to impress him/her, and now you want to get rid of them. You're probably tired and out of ideas right now, so here's something to make it easier for you:

Simply fill in your names, circle the appropriate choices, cut it out, fold along the lines and you're free to go!

Dear _____,

*I had a really fun / rockin' / como inducing
time last night, but that's probably because I
thought you were cute / Jennifer Aniston /
o dude at the time.*

*Anyway, listen, I'm gonna be really busy with
school / missionary work / the X-Men over the
next few days / fortnights / millennio and I
might even have to take a trip to Bangkok /
Europe / the Future. It might be difficult to
reach me because of the garilla that might
hurt me / toll in love with me /
block my cellphone reception, so don't wait up /
hold your breath / vote Conservative for me,
sweetie / bitch / Nick. Oh, and don't worry
about your heart / monhood / syphilis, it will
heal in time.*

*Help yourself to some cookies / whiskey /
potatoes on your way out.*

With Love / Kind Regards / Potatoes.

Discipline Cocktails



CIV:
1 oz. Liquid Chariot (for
the upcoming chariot-
free year)
1 oz. Portland Cement

Add reinforcing steel,
fiberglass and fly ash

to taste.

Chem:

1 oz. Ethanol, distilled in lab
1 oz. Water, distilled in lab

Mix, stir, and check that it's not meth-
anol like last time

Mech:

1 oz. Jack's
1 oz. 5W30
Shake well; must be served in
goblet welded by patron.

NSci: A cocktail that makes
you feel like design project
time all over again.



2 oz. Absinthe, in shot glass, on fire.

The Firos: Hungry for revenues
from this still-moneyed crowd, a
new, non-alcoholic cocktail will be
made available:

1 oz. Shirley Temple (can be substi-
tuted with water)
1/2 oz. Captain Megan Imitation Rum
(can be substituted with water).

- Ernie Nineiron

AOPI

Interested in joining
a sorority?
Come check us out!

call Shaz @ 905.999.3194
stellaknows@gmail.com

COMICS

ROBARTOPIA

BY ABSOLONB P. COLDEMARK and DEREGEDERE ONSLAGBE ESQ.

<p>5:42 until deadline</p>	<p>SHOWER-TAIL MONKEY MUTANT</p> <p>BUTTERFLY-GIRL PUPPETEER MUTANT</p> <p>4:30 until deadline</p>	<p>1:04 until deadline</p>	<p>MAN-TREE-SERVANT MUTANT</p> <p>ROCK MUTANT</p> <p>0:26 until deadline</p>
<p>0:01 until deadline</p>	<p>← TAPE</p> <p>MOLTAR-FREON</p> <p>-2:04 until deadline</p>	<p>PRETTY WEAK THIS MONTH, EY?</p> <p>CAM</p> <p>EDDY</p>	<p>MONSTER</p> <p>CHOMP!</p> <p>TUNE IN TO THE NEXT ROBARTOPIA FOR SOMETHING LESS STUPID.</p>

<p><i>Good Idea</i></p> <p>Going up on an Elevator</p> <p>*Ding*</p> <p>*Fifth Floor*</p> <p>0000000000</p>	<p><i>Bad Idea</i></p> <p>Going down on an Elevator</p> <p>*Ding*</p> <p>*Filthy Whore*</p> <p>0000000000</p>
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

This has been another Good Idea / Bad Idea

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CROTCH. It's what's for dinner. Low in carbs. Egor, 555-0589.

20 000 000 SIGNS. Orange, white, light green w/ Olivia Chow's face. Call Jack, 613-236-3613

HUSKY PUP. Adorable, healthy, Growing fast, too big for small apartment. Answers to 'Lucky'. Pls give good home w/ lots of room. Call Patty, 416-323-6584

PANCREATIC CANCER. Adorable, healthy, growing fast, too big for small body. Answers to 'Chance'. Pls give good home w/ lots of room. Call Patty, 416-640-4620

ASIAN Roommate. Leaves rice and anime porn on the floor. Not good at math. Call Sarah, 416-555-6593

HENTAI (It's anime porn...) Call Sarah, 416-555-6593

HELP WANTED

XMAS LIGHT REMOVER. Jack Layton still has his christmas lights up. Seriously. He is making the whole neighbourhood look bad. Plus they are all colours, not just orange. Please someone just take them down. Call Luke Weasley, 416-593-5199

CARETAKER. For gvmnt, until leadership can be found. No Bloc pls. Call Liberal Party, 416-532-6203. Update: Position filled, but still accepting applications.

WOMAN with three breasts. Papier maché boob not acceptable. Stefano, 555-5498.

PAPERBOY. Must have muscled throwing arm. Must be willing to retrieve fleshy tips from my pocket and visit my cellar for popsicles. Call Joe, 416-555-9875

MERCH WANTED

ALCOHOL needed to make my boyfriend look attractive. Karen, 555-0949.

BATTERY. Will also accept w/ a salt. Find me in dark alley. Will pay as much as is currently in wallet + wedding ring and watch. Gold filaments in teeth a bonus. 416-532-3235

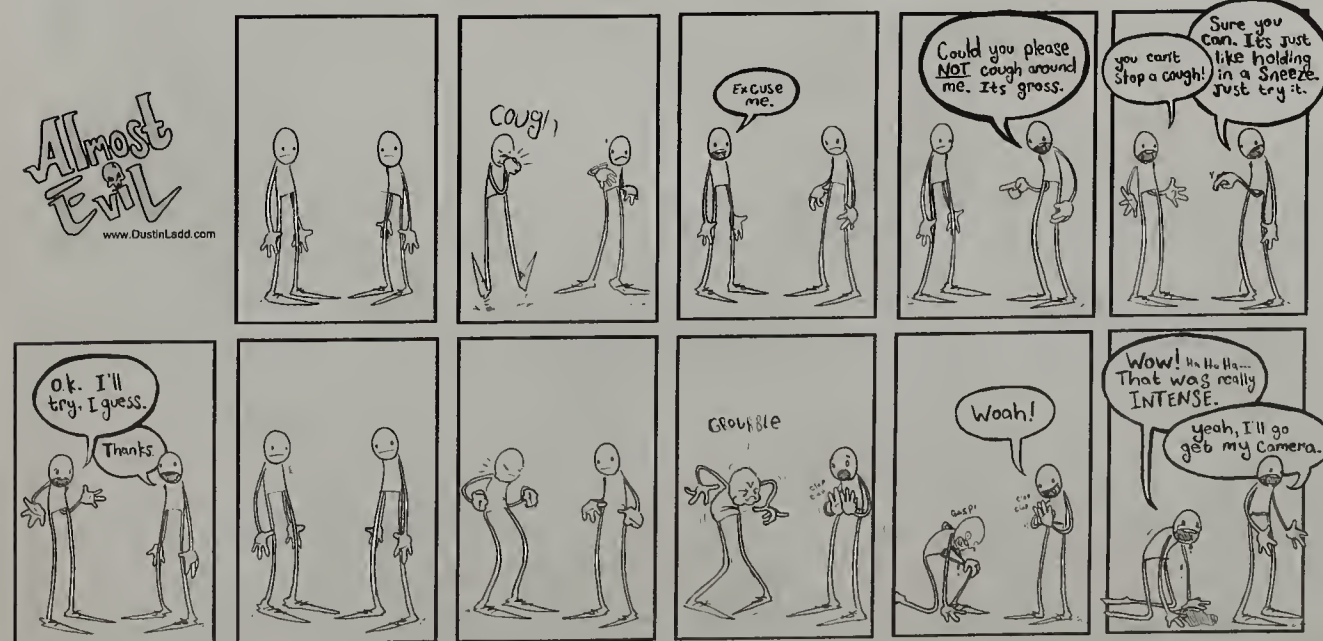
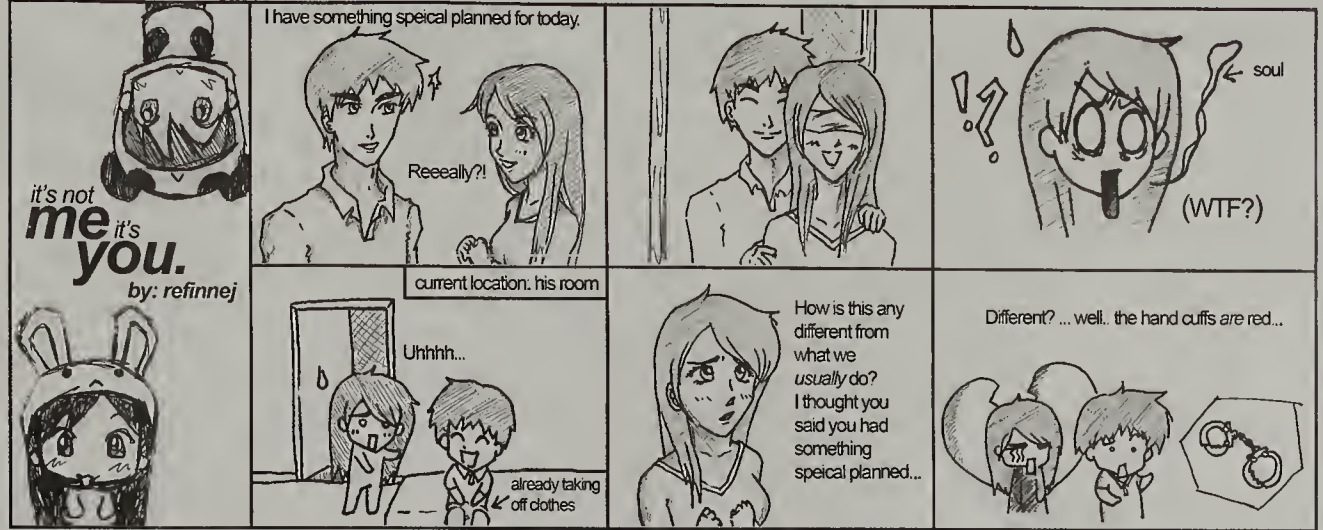
HAIRCUT. Need 'pm' haircut, since 'opposition' haircut no longer needed. Must resist wear and tear, and never move in wind. Ever. Must last 6-8 months. Call Stephen, 416-632-5321

TEAR GAS. Sodomy doesn't have to be a laughing matter. Deano, 555-9858.

I.LOVE. February is the loneliest month. Call Mei, 416-555-9846

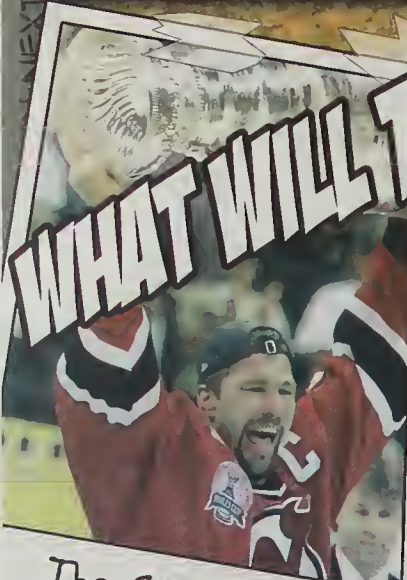
COMICS

no. 5 valentine's day aka something special



~ WHAT WILL THE TOIKE WIN NEXT? ~ WHAT WILL THE TOIKE WIN NEXT? ~ WHAT WILL THE TOIKE WIN NEXT?

WHAT WILL THE TOIKE WIN NEXT?



The Stanley Cup?



The Tour de France?



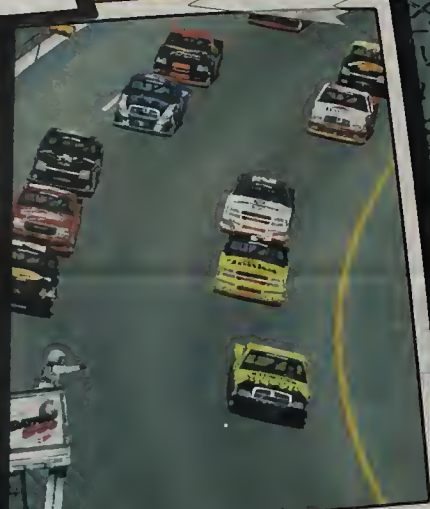
Pearl's Heart? <3



A Nickel?



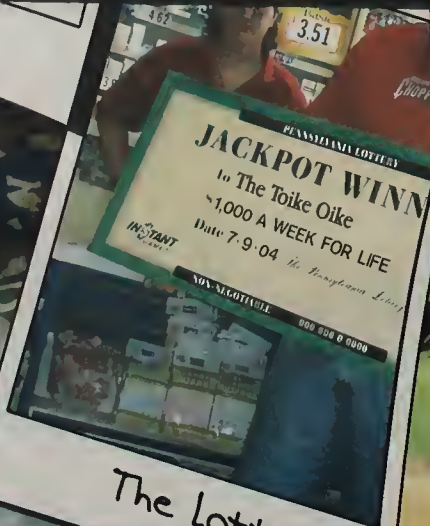
Miss Universe?



The Daytona 500?



Father of This Baby?



The Lottery?



The Kentucky Derby?